

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fourth Series

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 137.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 11, 1866.

PRICE 1½d.

CODLINGBURY RACES.

You might with as much reason search the work entitled *Fistiana* for an account of the great battle between Brown *Secundus* and Tomlinson *Major*, which took place between morning and afternoon lessons in the playground of Dr Swisher's Seminary for Young Gentlemen at Turnham Green, as calculate upon finding in the established chronicles or calendars of the Turf any particulars, or, indeed, any mention of the racing occurrences which have, quite recently, been convulsing our neighbourhood. What enterprising sporting spirit first put it into the heads of us quiet denizens in the centre of a southern English county, to quit for a day our agricultural pursuits, enter upon a miniature mimicry of the great doings of Newmarket and Doncaster, lay down rules, print cards, collect sweepstakes, receive entries, announce plates and prizes, nominate stewards, a judge, a starter, a clerk of the scales, and an honorary secretary, and mark and measure out upon that Codlingbury Down we are all so proud of, a course for horse-racing purposes—it is quite out of my power to specify. We have held our Codlingbury Meeting now for some seasons, and it has been invariably pronounced a success by all concerned. But hitherto, it has hardly attracted from the general or the sporting public that attention to which we fancy it is fairly entitled. It is by no means regarded as among the 'events' of the racing-year; it is not even considered as a juvenile affair, promising in the future a prosperous maturity. I doubt if even the most sagacious and far-sighted of sporting-men has got so much as half an eye upon Codlingbury with the notion that its proceedings may ultimately develop into a likely field for the carrying on of his operations. Indeed, I take upon myself to say, that out of our own neighbourhood—a neighbourhood in such an open down-country as ours, however, representing an area of some extent—hardly a soul has ever heard of our Codlingbury races. The more reason exists, therefore, as it seems to me, that I should make some attempt to inform the world as to a subject

upon which it really ought to be informed, and to describe briefly the important goings-on upon our down-lands at Codlingbury, when, as each spring returns, we run our horses, and hold racing revel.

We are miles from any station. No railway company, therefore, makes our proceedings the reason or the excuse for an excursion-train. No white London faces appear upon our course. We are all country-complexioned, sunburnt and sun-freckled, brightly ruddled by the lusty breezes that are always blowing freshly and freely over our wide open downs. We are on high land, too, with on every side blue lines of far distance dimming and fading as they touch and mingle with the sky at the extreme horizon. An undulating country; the land-waves very wide-spreading at their base, and round and blunt at their crest; here and there crowned with thick fir coverts—for we are a hunting-people hereabouts, and duly heedful concerning the preservation of foxes—with great 'punch-bowls' where the down dips suddenly, to soar and surge up again with greater force to higher heights. A pleasant country; somewhat pale-hued, for the chalk is very near to the surface-soil, and seems to gleam through the thin earthen veneer; with little wood beyond the coverts already mentioned, and little water save here and there a pond for the sheep. We are great providers of mutton out Codlingbury-way. You can trace the highway—the old coaching-road it used to be in days when such things as coaches were still extant—a long white streak up the nearest hill, like a chalk-line upon green baize; then you lose it for a while where it descends on the further side of the declivity, to reappear a paler, thinner streak upon the upland again, finally to vanish into the merest white thread, the faintest sheep-walk in the utmost distance. Our course is not upon very level land, nor very conveniently laid out. The spectators mostly congregate at the point where a little red flag marks the winning-post; and as it is deemed desirable to let them see as much of the race as possible, the start takes place, and the finish comes off, upon the same ground; the course being

pear-shaped, defined by hurdles and little white pennons, and the beginning and the end occurring upon what we may call the stalk part of the pear. We don't possess any grand stand; a farm-wagon, trimmed with bunting, does duty in that respect; and the judge, so far as I could ascertain, simply stands upon a chair, steadying himself by means of a pole, firmly driven into the ground, the while he makes his awards.

I should recommend any stray attendant at our Codlingbury sports to dismiss from his mind, as the barristers say, any preconceptions he may have derived from the doings at other race-courses, under the notion that they will be applicable to our proceedings on Codlingbury Down. For instance, at our races, he had better not expect to find race-horses, because he won't see anything of the kind. Nobody ever heard of a race-horse running at Codlingbury races. Such an apparition would occasion something like a panic upon the course. Nor need he look for jockeys, as jockeys are ordinarily understood. Generally, at races, one is impressed by the idea that the riders are wonderfully small, the horses singularly tall and large. We reverse that principle at Codlingbury. Our riders are cast in a grand, heroic mould, and perhaps on that account our horses appear curiously small and dwarfed. It is one of the rules of our races, that all the horses are to be ridden by gentlemen, as distinguished from professional riders; and there exists no gentleman about Codlingbury but would be ashamed to get into the scales and pull less than twelve stone; indeed, in most of our races the *minimum* weight for the jockeys is fixed at that amount, the average weight of our riders being probably nearer sixteen. We are solid and substantial people at Codlingbury; our waistcoats cut into a good deal of cloth; and about our figures there is a tendency which, if I might be permitted to invent a word, that, being invented, the reader would not denounce as coarse, I should like to designate as 'stomachy.'

Of course, on horseback, in a tight-fitting orange or cherry-coloured satin jacket, the expanse of contour thus alluded to becomes remarkably manifest. But in this 'capon-lined' convexity of form, our jockeys keep each other well in countenance. No absurd stress is laid upon the advantage of feather-weights at Codlingbury; nor do we especially prize youthfulness of years any more than of figure. We prefer our jockeys, like our port wine, to have maturity and fullness, and plenty of body. We hold that horse-racing is much more a pastime adapted for middle age than for extreme youth. No doubt, a lean, adolescent bystander—supposing such, by some chance, to have strayed into the precincts of Codlingbury course—might be entitled to level at one or more of our riders the charge Mr Pickwick brought against Mr Tupman, when the latter gentleman announced his intention of presenting himself at Mrs Leo Hunter's 'fancy-dress breakfast' in the character of a bandit, 'in a green velvet jacket, with a two-inch tail.' 'You are too old, sir; and if any further ground of objection be wanting, you are too fat, sir.' But at Codlingbury we should be quite impervious to such criticism; indeed, I sometimes think that when our jockeys go into training for the races (if they ever do anything so absurd, which isn't likely), they rather adopt the system of diet upon which the famous Mr Banting augmented his bulk so signally, than the regimen he subsequently discovered, by means

of which he was enabled to restrict his proportions at pleasure. About Codlingbury, we are constantly in the habit of fattening cattle for sale, and some confusion may at times have arisen in our minds between the treatment required in preparing stock for the market, and in training jockeys for the race-course.

The usual desiderata at races, expressed in the customary formula, as to a clear course and no favour, with an added adjuration that the best horse may win, are prejudices we are quite above at Codlingbury. In fact, we don't clear the course at all; we regard it as much more the duty of the horses to get out of the way of the spectators, than for the spectators to make room for the horses. We have a rural policeman or two upon the ground; but it is evidently no part of the policeman's duty to clear the course and assist the operations of the day. He is there, like the rest of us, to enjoy himself and look on; the constable being, for the time, merged and lost in the spectator, the while he cracks nuts with his teeth—this last employment being ever, for some as yet unrevealed reasons, especially grateful to the policeman, rural or otherwise. Quite a crowd leaps the hurdles, and gathers about the winning-post, at the instant of the horses coming in at their best speed. Probably we know the horses at Codlingbury; that they won't do us any harm, and that their speed, even at 'the finish,' is not dangerous either to themselves, their riders, or anybody else. Then our course is by no means favourable to racing; we think nothing of holes and deep cart-ruts disfiguring the down; perhaps we hold that such matters give the charm of incident and variety to the running; and so far from our desiring the best horse to win, it is evident all our sympathies are awarded to the worst animal entered. We constrain thoroughbred horses to be heavily extra-weighted. If a horse has ever previously won a race, he is compelled to carry an additional seven pounds; if two races, why, then, ten pounds. There is almost a disposition to make soundness a reason for a further penalty; only it is felt perhaps that such a regulation would be somewhat supererogatory. Soundness is rather exceptional with our Codlingbury steeds; it is certainly not their *forte*. What we specially like is a race in which every horse, being well sunk into the vale of years, runs gallantly upon three legs, or roars tempestuously all the way. Many people are much interested in cricket-matches in which single-armed players contend with single-legged; such people would, I think, enjoy amazingly our Codlingbury racing, in which the lame are opposed to the blind, 'navicular' is matched against broken wind, and general unsoundness fights 'gamely' with particularly bad spavin.

I am afraid that these admissions may be somewhat detrimental to the interests of our Codlingbury races in the eyes of the sporting community. But it would be vain for me to urge, that in the matter of the running of thoroughbred 'cracks,' Codlingbury can compete with better-known meetings; I prefer to let judgment go in that respect; but I have other issues to submit to a jury of the general public, upon which I don't despair of obtaining a verdict. To those who regard a race-meeting as a pleasant day in the fresh air, in a fine country; a picnic, with interludes of horse-running; an excuse for pleasure, for meeting one's friends, chatting, flirting, laughing, eating and drinking in an unaccustomed yet not unattractive way: to such worthy

and excellent people, I say our pastimes must appear of no inconsiderable merit. And particularly have we one advantage. It is usually alleged as a charge against races, that they are so very soon over—mere affairs of the moment; brilliant but brief, like flashes of lightning. Now, such is by no means the case with our Codlingbury races; no one can fairly accuse them of being soon over. Some races, I know, are measured by seconds. We don't condescend to such affectation as that at Codlingbury; we like to linger over our pleasures; we haven't so many of them that we can afford to hurry them. So our gentlemen-jockeys go round the prescribed course in a leisurely way that is really charming; and our judge, a most pleasant, smiling old gentleman in spectacles, is quite equal to the occasion. I think it is keenly painful to him to pronounce that one horse is beaten by another; he would infinitely prefer that all the starters should come in first, if it could possibly be so arranged. However, he does the best he can for the losers; unless it happen to be a very clear case of winning—say, by two or three lengths—our judge invariably pronounces the race to be a *dead heat*; consequently, we have it all over again. He scorns such dabbling in pedantic minutiae as measuring by necks. At no races, I take upon myself to say, are there so many dead heats as at Codlingbury. We prolong our sports as much as we can; just as connoisseurs in wine drink slowly, rolling the liquor about in their mouths, and smacking their lips lustily between each sip. And our list of 'events' is no brief one: we have the Codlingbury Stakes, the Updown Stakes, the Downland Plate, the Volunteer Cup, the Porringer Sweepstakes, &c.—the utmost amount a winner can receive being about ten pounds. You see it is the sport and not the money that we care the most about. And the same horses and riders appear to start for race after race with quite a pitiless punctuality. Codlingbury Meeting is, indeed, a hard-working day for both man and beast. Add, too, the dead heats; and lastly, the hurdle-leaping, always a speciality at Codlingbury. What a crackling of wicker-work, as the hoofs strike against the hurdles! and look, only look at the gentleman-jockey in magenta! Will he slip off at the rear of his horse? or will he be tossed over its head? 'Why, I could have shot a partridge between his seat and his saddle!' says a laughing farmer of most robust build, mounted on a cart-horse—only such, short of an elephant, could have carried him. As for blue with white sleeves, he's on his back on the turf a quarter of a mile from his horse, and can't get up; is, indeed, quite out of the running. Hurt? not a bit of it. He can't rise, owing to his loss of breath; or, perhaps, rather to his possession of fat. The fact of so stout a gentleman being thrown, I take to be, at anyrate, an extraordinary tribute to the strength of his charger. No common-place animal could have accomplished such a feat.

We have no Queen of Love and Beauty to preside over the lists and distribute the prizes among the victors, any more than we have heralds to shout 'Love of ladies, Honour to the generous, Glory to the brave!' as they were wont to do at Ashby-de-la-Zouche and elsewhere, when a gentle passage of arms took place. Yet something of the old tourney character prevails, I like to think, at our Codlingbury Meeting. Our jockeys are more persons, and less puppets, than they seem to be at

other races. There is an individual and personal interest taken in them. They pervade the crowd between the events, with merely an overcoat hiding the satin splendour of their jackets. They greet their friends cheerily—and they have friends and intimates everywhere on the course—eat a sandwich at this carriage-door, drink a glass of sherry at that, or smoke a cigar and gossip together, thrashing their buckskin and top-booted legs with their whips the while, with a hearty deuce-may-care air that is really impressive. And Beauty smiles upon them: if not quite constituting any one of them especially her knight, after the old, gone-by, chivalric fashion, still supporting her friend, or relative, or, it may be, lover, with considerable enthusiasm; hoping, with whole heart, for his success; betting on him and backing him to the extent of more than one pair of gloves, and very loath to lose, so loath, indeed, that she oftentimes pretermits payment of her losses altogether. But when she and her champion win, her pleasure is something worth witnessing. 'You *did* make the old mare go, William; I didn't think it was in her. I'm so glad you beat that bay horse. *Do* have a glass of wine.' Then such a wealth of approving smiles as she bestows upon the winner as he lifts his silken cap to dab his head all over! It is warm work for a man of his inches, both of height and girth, winning a race; yet the applause of Beauty is very compensating.

Beauty at Codlingbury, too, is not a thing about which there can be any mistake; it is so healthily solid, for one thing, and so thoroughly pronounced in form, and colour, and substance. Such brilliance of hazel eye, and rosininess of rounded cheek, and wavy gleam of auburn hair! And Beauty at Codlingbury is fond of horseback, and her skill in her saddle justifies her fondness. I think she wishes extremely that it were proper—she has great regard for the proprieties—to institute a Ladies' Plate at Codlingbury, to be run for by lady-riders only. What a pity that convention stands in her way!

'I've backed my boy Johnny to the extent of two half-crowns to win the next race,' says a rubicund, smiling, twinkling-eyed, elderly gentleman, in a very well-worn hat, and generally somewhat shabbily attired. The 'boy Johnny' is a youthful giant, over six feet in his stockings, and rather more than proportionately broad. He is about to ride an old flea-bitten horse that, fortunately, looks strong enough to carry a house if need be, so that it is just possible that Johnny may win; and we all hope he may. We know that it will be such a pleasure to himself and his father, yes, and to the old flea-bitten horse too—the kind of pleasure that has something of the nature of a joke about it, and is the reason for a very merry kind of triumph. I suppose there will be found certain severely judging people who will censure the presence at our sports of the father of Johnny and the owner of the flea-bitten horse; but I think that the best way to keep pleasures simple and harmless is for honest, innocent people to take part in them; they can't help, in such case, leaving them with good. If any evil lurked in our Codlingbury Meeting, was it not well that we should have our parson there to exorcise it? Was it wrong of him to enter his old horse, and mount his son Johnny, and back him to the extent of two half-crowns? Well, in any case, we of Codlingbury will never think so, though we die for it. Bless him, I say! And he *did* win! How he laughed, till the tears stood in

his eyes; and he shook hands with us all round, and handed the half-crowns to his wife, to help buy a new cap with!

I have said that there were no London faces to be seen upon the course; there was one, however, but of that one I'll speak presently. Moreover, there were present certain aliens, yet they pertained to no special capital, being quite a cosmopolitan people. Of course, I refer to the great mountebank family. They were at Codlingbury in force; with balancing-poles and soiled fleshings, with rouged cheeks and spangled skirts; wild beasts, and performing dogs, and infant prodigies; with drums, and gongs, and pan-pipes, and hoarsely shouted invitations to behold wondrous feats and exhibitions; all, as usual, with them. There were lamp-black negro minstrels, too, with bones, and banjos, and comic ditties with *entr'actes* of conundrums and other facetiae. How did they find us out at Codlingbury, this strange mountebank family? How do they ever find out when and where a crowd will assemble? Can they, as other people foretell the weather by studying the sky, discover in the same way that here to-day there will be a race; there, to-morrow, a royal progress, a Lord Mayor's procession, a fair, a market, a first stone laid, a ship launched, or an army reviewed? Can they sniff a concourse from afar, as a crowd scents carrion? Strange that we cannot hold our little racing meeting but this *saltimbanque* fringe should, as it were, attach itself to the hem of our garments; that these unwary followers upon the camps of festivity should gather in our wake. Yet I think we are in a measure proud of their presence. Is it not a sort of proof that Codlingbury is becoming known and famous? that our races are attracting attention out of our own county? So we welcome and reward the mountebank family. Their performances are fresh and new to very many of us; we are seldom provided with the amusements of the kind they bring. A street organ, however abominated in London, receives the honour of much attention in our villages; a vagrant German band, discoursing most execrable music, is fêted and followed for miles. Surely for very long the mountebank family have not played their tricks before such unjaded and guileless spectators. We could wish, however, that they would pay to our sports the homage of a little interest and respect; but directly the bell rings for a race, the *saltimbanques* retire to their tents, and smoke pipes, drink beer, or count their gains, or, stretching themselves upon the sward, close their eyes in sleep. I really think they might look at our doings a little, though, of course, they are accustomed to far better things.

As I have stated, there was one London face to be seen on our down. I wish there had not been. It was by no means a good sample of London faces. Could its proprietor have been specially engaged by the stewards to appear upon our course, and by playing a part, give to our proceedings a resemblance to other and more pretentious racing-meetings? How on earth else could he have come to Codlingbury? I should fancy him to have been what is technically and infamously known as a 'welcher'; but I own I am without much learning on the subject. He was ill-looking, and ill-behaved, and very noisy. Far above the hum of the crowd, you could hear his rancorous ejaculations. He was offering to make with any and everybody all manner of bets and wagers. You saw him

forcing his unpleasant presence upon all sorts of people, who speedily made room for him, and quitted him. I think we quiet Codlingbury people were a little afraid of him. Certainly, for the most part we didn't like him, or his errand, or his hideous cries. He constituted 'the ring' at Codlingbury, which isn't saying much for the ring. He flourished his betting-book, and waved his metallic pencil, and roared his offers to bet for or against this or that horse, now menacingly, now invitingly. I don't think he did much business; still he did a little, I grieve to confess. One brown horse I know he had backed to win, staking some few pounds on the issue. The brown horse came in second. 'If your bridle had but broken, you'd have come in first,' he said, with a most villainous leer at the gentleman-jockey, who, however, paid him no heed. The jockey was probably fully occupied in wondering whether he should ever get his breath back again. The charge implied was a very gross one. Is it to be supposed that we can be guilty at Codlingbury of what is known as 'roping' a horse, or selling a race? I trow not. We are ambitious, but we don't want to resemble other racing-meetings so closely as that comes to; yet this was the accusation brought against us.

THE ROYAL ARMS AND ROYAL BADGES.

HERALDIC tradition—than which nothing can be more apocryphal—asserts that the lions or leopards of England's royal arms came over with the Conqueror. According to this very doubtful authority, William the Norman and his sons Rufus and Beaulere bore 'two lions passant guardant,' which Stephen discarded in favour of an armed centaur—in fact, our zodiacal friend Sagittarius the archer. Henry II. brought back the leopards, adding a third in honour of his queen, Eleanor of Aquitaine. All this is, however, conjecture, if not pure invention; but it is not to be disputed that Cœur de Lion, when Count de Poitou, bore three leopards upon his shield; in the old romance of *Cuer de Lyon*, he is described as carrying

Upon his shoulders a schelde of stele
With the lybbardes painted wele;

and so Richard figures on his second great seal of 1195. The motto *Dieu et mon Droit* dates from the same monarch. The author of the *Accedence of Armorie* informs us that 'Otho, the fourth emperor of Almaine, for the love he bare to Richard I. and John, kings of England, bare the arms of England, impaled with the arms of the empire, the kings being well contented he should do so.' Another emperor, Frederick, sent Henry III. three leopards, in compliment to his coat. Henry's motto was a quaint one: *Ke ne dune ke ne tine, ne pret ke desire*; that is, 'He who gives not what he has, takes not what he desires.' The leopards remained leopards down to the time of Edward I., for the *Roll of Karlaverok*, a Norman-French poem, recounting the exploits of that monarch at the siege of Caerlaverock Castle, Dumfriesshire, in 1300, describes the royal banner as emblazoned with 'three leopards courant of fine gold set on red, fierce, haughty, and cruel.'

The first great change in the royal arms was made by Edward III., who, claiming the French crown by right of his mother, altered his armorial bearings accordingly, by carrying the arms of France and England quarterly; in other words, he divided his shield into four, placing the three

lions on a red field in the first and fourth quarter, and filling the remaining quarters with golden fleurs-de-lis, 'semy,' or scattered on an azure field. He made a further addition in the shape of supporters, hitherto unknown to our kings, choosing for this purpose a gold lion and a silver falcon with golden claws and beak. These Richard II. changed to two angels; and these, again, had to make way for the swan and antelopes of Henry IV. The last-named king reduced the number of the fleurs-de-lis to five; and his successor cut off a couple more, and removed his father's swan in favour of a lion.

Although, as Shakspeare says, the fleurs-de-lis were cropped and half of England's coat torn away during Henry VI.'s unfortunate minority, that weak ruler did not remove the emblems of his French sovereignty from the royal arms; but he did discard the supporting lion of the hero of Agincourt for a second antelope, an animal better representing his own unwarlike disposition. For the next six reigns, the only alterations made consisted in changing the supporters—Edward IV. taking a lion and black bull; Edward V., a lion and hind; Richard III., two boars; and Henry VII. adopting the red dragon of the Tudors and the white greyhound of the Nevilles. Henry VIII. removed the dragon from the right to the left of the shield, and took a lion in lieu of the hound. Dallaway gives him a lion and antelope, and Nisbet says he bore two angels; we can only reconcile these discrepancies by supposing that, like Edward IV., bluff King Hal had a fancy for changing his supporters. Queen Mary's supporters were an eagle and a lion.

In *The Armada* of Macaulay, we have a striking apostrophe of the 'royal blazon' of Elizabeth:

Look how the lion of the sea lifts up his ancient crown,
And underneath his deadly paw treads the gay lilies down!
So stalked he when he turned to flight, on that famed Picard field,
Bohemia's plume, and Genoa's bow, and Cæsar's eagle shield;
So glared he when, at Agincourt, in wrath he turned to bay,
And crushed and torn, beneath his claws, the princely hunters lay. . . .
Thou, sun, shine on her joyously! ye breezes, waft her wide!
Our glorious *Semper Eadem*, the banner of our pride!

Semper Eadem was Elizabeth's motto: she got rid of her sister's eagle, and restored the old Tudor dragon; and not content with this, made the second important change in the royal arms, by introducing the harp of Ireland, and bearing them as they never were borne before or since, on three shields—one on the right, quartered with the arms of England and France; one on the left, bearing the emblem of Erin; and the third below the other two, representing the principality of Wales quartered in red and gold, each field bearing a lion countercharged. James I., as the first king of Great Britain and Ireland, had to re-arrange the royal shield again, which he did after the following fashion: The first and fourth quarters were appropriated to the lions and lilies, borne quarterly as of old; the second quarter was given to Scotland's lion in his double tressure fleury; and the third to the Irish harp, 'or stringed argent on an azure field.' At the same time, the lion and unicorn became the royal supporters. The motto of James was *Beati pacifici*; that of Charles I., *Dieu et mon Droit*. The arms of the Protectorate

consisted of a shield divided down the centre, bearing a cross on the left hand, and the harp on the right. Charles II. made no alteration in the royal arms; but William and Mary added the arms of Orange. Anne revived Elizabeth's motto, and impaled the arms of England and Scotland in the first and fourth quarters of the shield, the lilies of France in the second, and the harp of Ireland in the third. George I. put the Hanoverian arms into the fourth quarter, and restored the motto cast aside by his predecessor. In 1801, George III. ceased to style himself king of France, and a royal proclamation was issued, ordering that for the future the arms of the United Kingdom should be quarterly first and fourth England, second Scotland, third Ireland; over which, on an escutcheon of pretence, the arms of Hanover ensigned with the electoral bonnet. Hanover being made into a kingdom in 1816, the bonnet gave place to a regal crown, which disappeared with the arms to which it belonged, when the connection between England and Hanover was happily severed by the accession of Queen Victoria to the throne of Britain.

The dukes of Grafton, as descendants of Barbara Villiers, bear the royal arms of Charles II.'s time, which are quartered on the shields of four other ducal families—those of Buccleuch, Cleveland, Richmond, and St Albans. The last two represent respectively the unpopular Duchess of Portsmouth and the popular Nell Gwynne. The Vanes derive arms and dukedom by intermarrying with the Fitzroys; while the House of Buccleuch has quartered the arms of the Merry Monarch ever since its representative, 'the greatest heiress and finest woman of her time,' espoused the unlucky son of Lucy Walters, who came to grief at Sedgemoor. The House of Normanby quarter the royal arms of James II., that king having granted them to his natural daughter, Lady Catharine Darnley, whose heiress married Mr William Phipps. The Fitzclarences bear the royal arms as borne by their progenitor William IV. The Beauforts quarter the arms of England and France, or rather the royal arms of Edward III., in token of their descent from Shakspeare's 'time-honoured Lancaster,' famous John of Gaunt; and the Dukes of Somerset quarter the lions of England between six fleurs-de-lis, being the coat of augmentation granted to their House by Henry VIII. upon his becoming connected with it by his marriage with Lady Jane Seymour. No less than forty-five peers still claim the right to quarter the royal arms of the Plantagenets upon their shields.

Royal badges differed from the royal arms in this—the latter might be said to be the badge of the nation itself, while the former were mere personal emblems, which the sovereigns of England used to embellish their robes of state, to adorn the caparisons of their horses, and to decorate the garments of their retainers, changing them as their taste and fancy prompted them. The badge of William Rufus is said to have been an eagle gazing at the sun; that of Stephen, an ostrich plume. Henry II. used three devices—the broom or plantagenista; 'the gem escarbuncle, which is found within the saphir,' the badge of the House of Anjou; and a punning device representing 'a genelt' passing between two 'plantes de geneste.' The broom was one of Richard I.'s badges, a star-surmounted crescent another. John chose the last named; while his successor went back to the old love of his race. Edward I. was the first English king

that adopted the rose, but his rose was neither white nor red, but a golden flower on a green stalk; he also used a bear standing against a tree. Edward II. symbolised his descent from the House of Castile by taking a golden tower for his device. Edward III. delighted in a variety of badges, sporting sometimes a griffin, as on his private seal, sometimes an eagle, and sometimes two green sprigs issuing from the stock of a tree. After his victorious campaign in France, he added a fleur-de-lis-decorated sword to his devices; but when he appeared at the grand tournament at Canterbury in 1349, he wore a tunic emblazoned with white swans, his shield bearing the same design, with the somewhat profane motto:

Hay! hay! the wythe swan!
By God's soul, I am thy man!

Another device he affected, that of sunbeams issuing from clouds, was emblazoned on the robes of the Knights of the Garter in Henry VIII.'s reign, in memory of him, as founder of the noble order.

Richard II.'s favourite badge was the white hart (derived from the white hind of his mother, the Fair Maid of Kent), which he wore embroidered on his sword-belt and velvet sheath. The white falcon was another badge of his; he had a third in the broom with the seeds dropping from its breaking pods; and a fourth in 'a sun in his splendour,' as borne by his warrior sire, the Black Prince. Jenico d'Artois, a Gascon, faithful to Richard through good and ill fortune, is said to have been the last man in England to wear the cognizance of the white hart. Henry IV. adopted the silver swan and white antelope of his wife's family, the Bohuns, and the mysterious SS, whose origin defies elucidation; he also bore the red rose of Lancaster, and 'a fox-tail dependent,' the latter advertising all whom it might concern, that when he found the lion's skin too short, he was able and willing to piece it with the fox's tail. Henry V. granted the barony of Homet to Walter Hungerford conditionally, that he should bring him a lance with a fox's tail dependent when he did suit and service for his estate, so the fox's tail must be reckoned among the badges of that famous king. After the battle of Agincourt, he chose a crowned fleur-de-lis; but his tomb in the Abbey bears a fire-beacon, with an antelope and a swan chained to it. Henry VI.'s badges were the Lancastrian rose, a panther spotted all colours, and two white ostrich feathers.

Edward IV., as in duty bound, held to York's pale and angry rose, originally the device of the Mortimers, from whom he derived his earldom of March. The golden-clawed black dragon of the Burghs was one of his badges; another was a falcon on an open fetterlock, which originated in a curious manner. Edward's great-grandfather, the first Duke of York, received from his father the grant of the castle of Fotheringhay, 'which he new-built in form and fashion of a fetterlock, assumed to himself his father's falcon, and placed it on a fetterlock; implying thereby that he was locked up from the hope and possibility of the kingdom. Upon a time finding his sons, beholding this device set upon a window, asked what was Latin for a fetterlock, whereupon the father said: "If you cannot tell me, I will tell you: *Hic, hæc, hoc, et taceatis*;" revealing to them his meaning, and advising them to be silent and quiet, as God knoweth what may come to pass. This his great-grandchild, Edward IV., reported, and bore it, and commanded that his younger son, royal Duke of

York, should use the device of a fetterlock, but opened.' At the battle of Mortimer's Cross, Edward, astonished by beholding

Three glorious suns, each one a perfect sun;
Not separated with the racking clouds,
But severed in a pale clear-shining sky.
See, see! they join, embrace, and seem to kiss,
As if they vowed some league inviolable;
Now are they but one lamp, one light, one sun—

accepted the omen as one of success; and in remembrance of the event, surrounded his white rose with sun-rays. This badge-loving king also used a pyramid of feathers issuing out of a crown, and the black bull of the Clares.

Edward V. scarcely reigned long enough to choose any badge. His unscrupulous uncle rejoiced in the rooting hog, or a silver boar with gold tusks, and when he went to be crowned, was attended by a retinue bearing thirteen thousand boars upon their coats. Shakespeare's tragedy contains several allusions to the favourite device of the crook-backed Richard: Stanley dreams the boar had rased off his helm; Richmond styles his rival 'the wretched, bloody, and usurping boar;' while the ghosts chorus:

Sleep, Richmond, sleep in peace, and wake in joy;
Good angels guard thee from the boar's annoy.

But the boar was a dangerous animal to sneer at, as the author of the couplet—

The rat, the cat, and Lovel the dog,
Rule all England under the hog—

found to his cost. After the fight was over at Bosworth, Richmond was crowned on the field with his opponent's crown, which had been found lying in a hawthorn-bush—a fact commemorated by Henry's assumption of the crown and hawthorn-bush as a badge. He also united the blood-stained roses, bearing a rose half-white and half-red, which he afterwards altered to a white rose within a red one; he likewise used the portcullis of the Beauforts, the dun cow of Guy of Warwick, and the red dragon of Cadwallader.

Henry VIII. employed the old badges of the falcon and fetterlock, the hind, portcullis, hawthorn-bush, and double rose, and not content with these, invented one for himself, emblematic of his triumph over the pope—an armed leg cut off at the thigh, the foot passing through three gold crowns. A red-wattled silver cock and a flame of fire were also two of his especial fancies. It seems to have been the custom of his time to christen the smaller vessels of the royal navy after the royal badges; and from a list of the 'pyrasses and row-barys' then forming part of the fleet, it would appear that Henry used the tiger, the lion, the dragon, the antelope, the greyhound, and the cloud-in-the-sun, besides the devices above mentioned.

Edward VI.'s badges were a rising sun and the rather inappropriate device of a cannon sending forth smoke and flame. Mary took her mother's pomegranate and red and white rose impaled on a sheaf of arrows, as well as a sword standing upon an altar—symbolical, we suppose, of her determination to use that weapon in defence of her faith. Elizabeth used a variety of badges, but her favourite one was Anne Boleyn's falcon with a crown and sceptre. Badges now went out of favour; and when we have named James I.'s red rose and thistle crowned, the catalogue of English royal badges is exhausted; but before laying our pen aside, we

may mention, as something germane to our subject, that the colours of the House of Lancaster were white and blue; of the House of York, murrey and blue; the Plantagenets' colours were white and red; the Tudors', white and green; the Stuarts', yellow and red; those of William and Mary, orange and blue. Scarlet has now held the place of honour for a long period, and it certainly has the best claim to the pre-eminence, seeing that 'gules' has been, from time immemorial, the colour of the field of England's coat-of-arms.

BROUGHT TO LIGHT

CHAPTER XI.—A MESSAGE BY WIRE.

THE 4 P.M. train, on a certain autumn afternoon, had just left Kingsthorpe Station, a little roadside place six miles from Normanford, and Abel Garrod, the clerk in charge, was setting off home to tea, when he was summoned back into his office by the tinkling of the telegraph-bell; having signalled the sending-station that he was in attendance, he proceeded, word for word, to take down the following message: 'From Marie, London, to Henri Duplessis, Lilac Lodge, near Kingsthorpe Station.—Your address is known to me. I shall reach Kingsthorpe by the afternoon train to-morrow—Wednesday. Meet me there without fail.' When the message was completed, Abel proceeded to copy it out in his best hand, with many flourishes of his pen, and strange contortions of his tongue, on to one of the printed forms supplied him for use on such occasions, which he then put into an envelope addressed to Mr Duplessis; and leaving the station in charge of Tim Finch, an old stiff-jointed porter, who, with himself, made up the whole of the staff at Kingsthorpe, he crossed the line and the patch of gravelly road beyond it, and lounged slowly through his little garden, and so into the house, where he found the table laid out ready for tea, and his wife busily employed cutting bread and butter.

'I'm thinking of walking as far as Lilac Lodge after tea, missis,' said Abel; 'I've gotten a message by wire for Mr Duplessis.'

'A message for Mr Duplessis!' said Jane Garrod slowly and wonderingly, pausing with the knife in one hand and the bread in the other: 'and what is the message, Abel, my man?'

Abel, with a little pomposity of tone, repeated it to her, word for word.

'A strange message—a very strange message!' said Jane Garrod musingly. 'So this "Marie" comes by the four o'clock train to-morrow, does she? Well, I shall be there to see her when she arrives.—And look you here, Abel; watch Mr Duplessis closely when he reads the message, and try to find out from his looks whether he is pleased with it or not.—And now make haste with your tea, and then set off. I would give something to be by when he receives it.'

Jane Garrod was a spare and rather sharp-featured woman, about fifty years old—a woman singularly silent and undemonstrative, but observant in her own quiet way; self-contained, brooding over her own thoughts, with one of those impassive faces that give no clue to the feelings at work beneath them. Although she had never had any pretensions to good looks, she held her simple-hearted husband with a chain far stronger than any mere smiles of beauty could have woven round

him; but her rule was a mild one, and Abel had the good sense to feel and acknowledge her superiority, and was, I am inclined to think, rather proud than otherwise of the bonds that held him prisoner.

As soon as Abel had finished his hasty tea, he put on his best hat and coat, and taking a stout stick in his hand, set out on his walk to Lilac Lodge. The distance by road was four good miles; but Abel knew all the short-cuts through by-lanes and fields, and round by the corner of Kirkbarrow Plantation, and so brought down the distance to three miles, and accomplished his walk easily under the hour.

It was quite dark by the time he got back home, and he found his wife sitting with unlighted candle waiting his return, and, contrary to her usual practice, not busy either sewing or knitting. She turned on him, as he entered the room, with a degree of animation foreign to her usual reticence. 'Well, what news?' she asked. 'How did Mr Duplessis take the message?'

'He took it in his hand; how else?' answered the matter-of-fact Abel, as he prepared to put away his best coat and resume his old one.

Jane smothered the impatient exclamation that rose to her lips, and merely said: 'Sit down and tell me all about it. But first you must have a glass of beer, and your slippers on; and I'll light a candle, and then the room will seem more cheerful.'

Abel swelled with a sense of self-importance as he watched his wife moving about the house attending to his minor comforts; and then he sighed to think of what little consequence, either to his wife or to any one else, could be the trivial scraps of news he had to retail. When everything was comfortably arranged, Jane drew her chair up to the side of her husband, and waited in silence for him to begin.

'When I got to the top of Lorrimer's Brow,' said Abel, 'I could see Mr Duplessis walking about the garden in front of the lodge, smoking a cigar; and I was right well pleased to find that he wasn't from home. Well, when I got down to the house, I just looked in over the side-gate, and touched my hat to him. "Want me, my good fellow?" says he, in his affable, smiling way—and a pleasanter way than he has with him, it would be hard to find. "What can I do for you?" says he, holding his head a little on one side, and shewing his white teeth.—"I've come over from Kingsthorpe Station, sir," says I, "and I've got a telegraphic dispatch for you." "A telegraphic dispatch for me!" says he, opening his eyes very wide indeed, so that his eyebrows went up nearly to the roots of his hair. "Are you sure, my good man, that you've come to the right person?"—"It's for Mr Henri Duplessis of Lilac Lodge," answered I; "and I believe that's you, sir." "That's me, without doubt, and nobody but me," he said; "so let us have a look at this mysterious document." That's what he called it, Jane—a mysterious document; so I put my hand into my pocket, and pulled out the dispatch, and handed it to him over the gate. He struck his cigar between his teeth, and took both hands to the envelope, and tore it open, and turned the paper to the light, for it was growing darkish by this time, and read the message; and I'm sure, Jane, it was written in as plain and neat a hand as anybody need wish to see, so that he could have had no difficulty in making it out.

'I never saw anybody's face change so suddenly as the face of Mr Duplessis changed when he read that paper. You would have thought that old Daddy Death had tweaked him suddenly by the ear. All the colour went out of his cheeks, and his features cramped up in a moment, just like my grandfather's when he lay a-dying. The cigar dropped from between his teeth, and he turned on me with a word which you would hardly like to hear—a very strong word, Jane—and his white lips seemed as if they wanted to say something more, but couldn't; and then he flung up his clenched hand above his head, and staggered out of sight, down one of the little alleys. Well, I waited without stirring for a matter of five minutes (thinking he might mebbe want to send a reply), lounging over the gate, and sniffing the pleasant scent of the flowers; and then I saw Mr Duplessis standing under the verandah, beckoning me to go in; so I opened the gate, and walked across the lawn, and followed him into the drawing-room. And then he told me to sit down, and asked me whether I would have a glass of sherry; and when I said I had no objection, he poured me out one, and held his case for me to pick a cigar from, and was quite jolly—so jolly and so agreeable, that I could hardly believe it was the same man I had seen only five minutes before looking so terribly white and ill. But he accounted for that naturally enough by saying, that any sudden news, good or bad, always brought on an old pain at his heart, from which he had suffered for years. Next, we got talking about the telegraph, and he asked me whether I hadn't some curious messages by it at odd times; but I told him that Kingsthorpe was such a quiet, out-of-the-way place that it did very little business in that line, most of the messages that did come being on the railway company's business. Then he asked me, what security people had against their messages being talked over and made public by the men at the station; to which I answered, that there was rarely more than one person at a country station who understood telegraphy, and that he was always a person of good character, and pledged to secrecy as to the messages he might receive or despatch; and that I supposed something like the same system was in use in large towns. To this he answered by saying he was sure that I for one might be trusted with a thousand secrets, and not whisper a word about any of them; and then he looked at his watch, and I took that as a hint that it was time to go; so I emptied my glass, and bade him good-evening, and was just leaving the room, when he slipped a couple of half-crowns into my hand; and laying his white finger lightly on my shoulder, says he: "There's something for your trouble in coming so far. I'll be at the station to-morrow afternoon, as my sister requests." Then with a laugh: "See you go straight home, and don't stop at the *Green Dragon* by the way;" and so he bowed me out quite grand-like; and I walked back through the little garden, with its pleasant smell of flowers; and here I am.—But, Jane, that Mr Duplessis is a real nice gentleman, and no mistake! For my part, I can't make out why you dislike him so. It's not his fault, if he's fallen in love with Miss Frederica—no man in his senses could be long near her without falling in love with her. I'm in love with her. There! what do you say to that?'

'Why, that you are the same simple-hearted old goose that you always were. But as for your Mr

Duplessis, so smooth and smiling, I don't know why I should dislike him, and yet'—

'And yet you do.'

'And yet I do. Well, likes and dislikes come by nature, and can't be helped, any more than the colour of one's eyebrows, or the shape of one's nose.'

CHAPTER XII.—THE STRANGER AT KINGSTHORPE.

At five minutes to four precisely, on the afternoon of the day following that of the arrival of the message by wire, Mr Duplessis lounged up to the station, and greeting Abel Garrod graciously, inquired how soon the train might be expected to arrive.

'She has just been telegraphed,' replied Abel, 'and won't be more than ten minutes late to-day.'

'Not more!' said Mr Duplessis with a smile. 'As if ten minutes were not enough! I presume that railway trains are classed in the feminine gender by reason of their unpunctuality, and general remissness in keeping their appointments; and with that he sauntered down the platform, selecting a cigar from his case as he went, and evidently determined to while away the time as pleasantly as possible.

'A nice-spoken gentleman, surely,' muttered Abel to himself, as he bustled off to see that his signals were all right, and the line clear, and everything in readiness for the coming train; but always with a furtive glance at the little attic window of his house, plainly to be seen from the station, out of one corner of which, where the blind was pushed a little on one side, he knew that his wife, with the assistance of a small pocket-telephone, was noting everything that happened on the platform, and patiently awaiting the arrival of the 4 P.M. train.

Mr Duplessis, seated on the soft turf of an embankment, smoking his cigar, and whisking off the heads of the tall weeds with his cane, was apparently in no hurry for the train to arrive; and had some terrible accident befallen it, which would have delayed its coming for ever, he might, perhaps, have been none the less pleased.

At length, the lagging train rolled slowly into the station, and from it descended one passenger—a woman thickly veiled, having on a voluminous gray mantle, and a black-silk dress, much frayed and travel-stained about the skirts—who, not perceiving at the first glance the person she expected there to meet her, turned on Abel with alarming quickness, saying in a harsh, high-pitched voice: 'Monsieur Duplessis, n'est-il pas ici?' throwing up her thick fall at the same moment, and displaying to Abel's fluttered gaze the thin sallow face of a woman no longer either young or handsome, but who, not many years ago, had been both, lighted up by two restless, piercing black eyes, which shone out, with strange, baleful lustre, from beneath the heavy brows, black and straight, which crossed her forehead almost without a break. Before Abel had time to reply that he did not understand French, Mr Duplessis emerged from behind an angle of the building, with a treble-distilled smile ready put on, and with one white hand ungloved and held out, ready to grasp that of the new-comer. But the woman kept her hands within the shelter of her muff, and drew back a step, and seemed to look him through with her keen black eyes. The set smile still wreathed the Canadian's lips, but the

colour faded from his face, and the wrinkles, invisible to society, came out under his eyes, as he said in a voice that had lost some of its usual confidence: 'Do we meet as friends or as enemies, Marie?'

'As enemies,' replied the woman—'as enemies till death!'

'So be it; but listen to me first,' he said with an effort to regain his usual easy confident manner. And then he began to address her earnestly in French; and Abel moved away out of earshot, fearful of exciting suspicion.

The conversation between the two lasted for about a quarter of an hour, and Jane Garrod, looking from the little attic window, with her eye fixed to the end of the telescope, watched their every movement with a patience that never wearied. At first, the woman seemed to listen to Mr Duplessis with a sort of careless disdain, as though nothing he might say could influence her resolves in the slightest degree; he striving, meanwhile, to urge some important point on her consideration. But by and by, she began to shew some signs of interest in his words, almost, as it were, in spite of herself—an interest which seemed to deepen as he went on; and when with outspread hands he came to a sudden stop, as though appealing to her to confirm what he had just said, she replied with three or four words only, and then held out her hand for him to clasp, as though that were the seal of the compact between them. He took her proffered hand, and made as though he would have kissed it, but she drew it back quickly with a shudder, and thrust it into her muff. His eyebrows went up to a point for one moment, and then he turned and beckoned to Abel Garrod, who was loitering at the other end of the platform.

'This lady is my sister,' said Mr Duplessis gravely to Abel—'a sister whom I have not seen for many years. She is about to stay for a few days in this neighbourhood, and I want to know where I can obtain two decent quiet rooms for her while she is here, as she cannot bear the noise and bustle of a hotel. Two rooms—a sitting-room and a bedroom—are what she requires.'

Abel puzzled his brains for a minute or two, but could not call to mind anything at all likely to suit the lady.

'Look here, now,' said Mr Duplessis, suddenly taking him by the button: 'have you no spare rooms in your own house?'

'We have a spare bedroom,' said Abel diffidently.

'And a spare sitting-room, too—eh?'

'A parlour, which we seldom use, except on Sundays. But my wife—'

'Exactly the thing—could not be better,' interrupted Mr Duplessis. 'Leave me to settle everything with your wife. Just shoulder that bag, will you?—Allons, ma Marie;' and he strode off towards the house with Madame his sister leaning on his arm; Abel, with the black leather-bag, bringing up the rear.

In a few voluble words, Mr Duplessis explained his wishes to the quiet, serious-looking woman who opened the door in answer to his knock. Jane replied that she certainly had two spare rooms, and that she should be happy to let the lady have them for a few days, but that they were only furnished in a very humble style, and perhaps the lady might not like them. But all little difficulties were smoothed over by the indefatigable Canadian; and

Madame was at once installed in the rooms, and Jane instructed to prepare tea for her without delay.

Mr Duplessis would fain have taken his leave at this juncture till the morrow, but Madame would not hear of such a thing: it was cruel of him, she averred, to quit so soon the sister whom he had not seen for six long years. He must take tea with her, and pass the evening with her, otherwise how would the long *triste* hours charm themselves away? Mr Duplessis submitted with tolerable grace, and drank tea with his sister; and after that, they had a long conversation together in French; and then they made Abel hunt up an old pack of cards, and played *écarté* till the clock struck nine, when Mr Duplessis jumped up, and declared absolutely that he must go.

When Mr Duplessis was gone, and his sister safely abed, and Abel snoozing in his easy-chair, Jane Garrod, with her apron thrown over her head, sat brooding beside the dying fire, going carefully over in her own mind all that had been said and done since the arrival of her mysterious lodger.

It is to be borne in mind that Jane had a tolerable conversational knowledge of French, having, when young, lived as lady's-maid in Paris for a couple of years; but she was particularly careful that neither Mr Duplessis nor his sister should suspect her of such an acquirement; and when, once or twice, while she was waiting on them at the tea-table, they preferred some request to her in that language, forgetting for the moment her supposed ignorance of it, she had merely stared stolidly from one to the other, till they repeated their request in English. They thus considered, and naturally so, that they were perfectly safe in talking over their secret concerns in her presence.

'If I could only have heard what they said to one another on the platform, when they first met,' said Jane Garrod to herself, 'I should have something to go upon; but as it is, I have only bits and scraps of their talk after they got here to judge by, for they had evidently settled their plans before coming to the house. These bits and scraps are just what I must try to remember, and piece together. "You thought it would be impossible for me to discover your retreat," said Madame, "so cunningly had you arranged everything; and that you would never see my face in this world again."

'To which Monsieur replied: "Let the past go, Marie; it is not a subject one would choose for contemplation. There is a pleasant future before us, if we only choose to avail ourselves of it."

'In that little *if* lies the whole question," responded Madame. "Should you ever feel inclined to play me false, remember that one breath of mine would scatter your castle to the winds."

'No fear of that," answered the brother; "so long as we act fairly by one another, the compact will benefit both of us."

'After that, they went on with their cards for a little while, till Madame suddenly flung hers across the floor. "Ah, *scélérat*! monster!" she exclaimed, grinding out the words from between her teeth. "What a fool I must be to play cards with you, or do anything but tear your black heart out of your bosom! When I think of the horrible fate to which you had doomed me, I know not how I refrain from killing you!"

'Why do you thus excite yourself?" asked Monsieur very quietly. "I have told you already that I was misled by Van Goost. He gave me to understand that"—

"Liar!" screamed Madame. "I know of old what value to set on what you say."

"I will shew you Van Goost's letters to-morrow, and prove to you how greatly you misjudge me," said Monsieur.

'Her only answer was a scornful laugh; and with that, Monsieur went quite humble-like and picked up her cards, and dealt them afresh, and then they went on playing as if nothing had happened. A strange couple, truly!'

In one corner of the little simply-furnished room, hung a crayon-portrait of a child—a child of rare beauty, with long black ringlets, and black eyes, and with a skipping-rope thrown carelessly over her arm. Jane Garrod, taking the candle in her hand, went up to this portrait, and gazed earnestly on it. 'They tell me, darling,' she said, 'that you have promised your hand to this bad man. But you do not love him, dear, I am sure of that. You are unhappy, and just now you hardly care what happens to you; and they have got you to promise to become his wife, and so make yourself miserable till the day you die. He is a bad man, darling; and you shall not marry him, if Jane Garrod can anyhow help it; no, never—never!'

'Never what, missis—never what?' said Abel, who awoke just in time to hear the last word or two, and was now rubbing his eyes sleepily.

'Never go to sleep in your arm-chair after supper,' said his wife—'it's a downright lazy habit.'

SOME OLD ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEWSPAPERS, like natives, are best discussed as soon as they are opened. Keep one only a day or two, and what a weary, flat, stale, and unprofitable operation the reading of it is! All the life and spirit seems to have departed, leaving it as woe-begone and dust-dry as poor Yorick's skull, once so full of jest and excellent fancy. But there is this peculiarity about the newspaper—let it be laid by for a hundred years or so, and it becomes interesting once more. Even its advertisements, which when fresh were left unnoticed, or read as it were by accident, become invested with attractions. Indeed, to our mind, there is no part of an old paper so interesting as its advertising columns; containing announcements of sales by inch of candle; advertisements of merchandise to be sold a good pennyworth; cautions against trusting truant wives, or harbouring deserters and runaway apprentices; puffs of cures for the vapours, and alluring appeals from lottery agents; besides innumerable others, illustrating bygone manners and customs, elucidating disputed points of history and biography, and throwing unexpected light upon the origin of things as familiar to us as they were new to our forefathers.

Some of these unconsidered trifles, curiosities in one way or another, we intend to make a note of here. First, let us take a batch of literary advertisements, giving the precedence its age demands to a notification appearing in the *Observer* for December 3, 1684, to the following effect: 'A Gentleman having been requested by some persons to undertake the translating of Arrianus his Epictetus into English, hath so far advanced it, that the same will in a very short time be published; and this notice is given to prevent interfering with the same design.' There is something positively refreshing about this, whether we take it to be a proof of excessive

simplicity on the part of the advertiser, or accept it as evidence of an honourable scrupulosity among the publishing fraternity, to which, we fear, a modern member of it would scarcely dare to appeal. Eighteen months after unhappy Otway died in his hiding-place on Tower Hill, the *Observer* (November 30, 1686) announced: 'Whereas Mr Thomas Otway, some time before his Death, made Four Acts of a Play; whoever can give notice in whose hands the copy lies, either to Mr Thomas Betterton, or Mr William Smith, at the Theatre-royal, shall be well rewarded for his pains.' The missing manuscript never gladdened the eyes of the managers; it had probably lit the fire of some lodging-house keeper, and perished as ignominiously as its unfortunate author.

From the *Morning Chronicle* of the 17th of July 1804, we extract the annexed modest advertisement: 'A Gentleman, whose literary productions have met public approval, undertakes to conduct epistolary correspondence, where correctness and elegance of style are necessary; whether on familiar topics, on business, or on courtship. He pledges himself to the strictest secrecy. Whatever the subject, no confidence will be abused, no matter divulged. He presumes he could use a strain the best adapted to display the feelings of the heart, and attain its object. Apply to Mr Radnor, South Windmill Street.' Poor Mr Radnor! He was born before his time. Surely he was just the man for *Colo*, who not long ago issued the following mysterious announcement: 'Wanted, Literary Co-operation. A gentleman of energy and critically literary powers of perusal and writing, able to devote leisure in such a way during the initiatory and promotive steps of a colonial matter of high and comprehensive scope, would find such the medium for ultimate position either home or otherwise.' After this, our next specimen will seem commonplace indeed, although it emanates from one who read the stars, and told

Of good or evil luck,
Of plagues, of dearths, or season's quality,

in the year of grace 1712: 'At the Old Lilly, near the Barge House, in Christchurch Parish, Southwark, at London, liveth Francis Moore, licensed physician and student in Astrology; who, by the blessing of God, cures all sorts of agues with one dose in young and old, when left off by others. He hath an excellent medicine for fits in young people or children; he has an excellent worm-powder, and a family tincture that gives present ease in colic, and carries off all pains in an instant. He gives judgment in the Astrological way. He desires all that send to him out of the country, upon their own business, to pay the postage of their letters or expect no answer.' A century and a half has elapsed since Francis Moore thus set forth his claims to public patronage, but his *Almanac* still sells by thousands, nor are believers in his present existence and prophetic powers wanting in the land.

Cock-fighting may be reckoned among extinct amusements, although the Police do, every now and then, hunt up a few furtive followers of the cruel game. A hundred and fifty years ago, however, it held so prominent a place among British sports, that county was literally pitted against county—at six guineas the battle, and a hundred guineas the odd battle. One of these grand matches is thus announced in the *Daily Courant* (1703): 'At the

New Cockpit, at the Bowling-green behind Gray's Inn Walk, this day, being the 8th of March, does begin a great Match of Cock-fighting, and will continue the whole week; between the Gentlemen of Bedfordshire and Berkshire of the one part, and the Gentlemen of Cambridgeshire and Essex of the other. They are resolved to begin at half an hour after three o'clock, because they will fight all by daylight.' Such a county contest is impossible now-a-days; to use an apt phrase, 'that cock won't fight any more.' Those who admire old fashions merely because they are old, may perhaps lament our modern degeneracy even in this matter: but for ourselves, we would rather see our county well-beaten at Wimbledon or the Oval, than victorious in the cockpit behind Gray's Inn Walk.

Another pastime, somewhat better entitled to the epithet 'manly,' is fast following cock-fighting into oblivion. The prize-ring, once patronised by prince and peer, has gone to the bad most unequivocally. A few years back, it suddenly emerged from its obscurity, and became the talk of the town and the country. It was but a dying flicker—the momentary vigour preceding the fatal relapse. The resuscitation of the Ring is an impossibility; what little sympathy the general public felt for it lies buried in a certain grave at Highgate, in which the once-coveted champion's belt might have been fittingly buried. Condemned by public opinion, and banned by the law, it is no wonder that pugilism has sunk to what it is, but it must be owned it dies hard. A man must have an extraordinary fancy for fistic battles, to endure the dangers and disagreeables inseparable to the bringing off a fight. The admirers of the noble art may well sigh for the days of auld lang syne, when the morning papers contained such advertisements as this: 'A Tryall of Skill to be fought at the Bear Garden, in Marrow-Bone-Fields, at the Boarded House, on Wednesday next, beginning at three of the clock precisely, between Edward Parkes of Coventry, Master of the New School of Defence, and Thomas Comins, Dragoon, Master of the said School.'

Diversions were not wanting for the gentler portion of the British public; here was a treat for that public Trinculo had in his mind's-eye when his corporeal eye fell upon the island monster: 'At the Great Booth, in West Smithfield, is to be seen a large collection of strange and wonderful creatures, all alive. 1. A wonderful Dromedary from Turkey, a noble creature, 22 hands high, and 12 feet long. 2. The Turkey Horse, not 3 feet high; being so little that he is kept in a box. 3. The Little English Woman, 2 feet 2 inches high, 27 years old, straight and proportionable, being the least woman that ever was seen in England. 4. Two monstrous Creatures, male and female, resembling humane Nature, from Ethiopia. 5. A Whistler from Brazil, that hangs by his tail and takes his natural rest. 6. A Picary, which charms the birds with his voice, that they fall down and become his prey. 7. A Wild Satyr, from Cape de Bon Esperance. With several other varieties, too tedious to mention. To be seen from 8 in the morning till 9 at night, without loss of time.'

Thanks to Fielding and Ainsworth having thought it worth while to portray one of the greatest scoundrels that ever passed through the hangman's hand, there is no necessity for us to explain who and what the author of the following advertisement was. It appeared in a daily paper

in 1717: 'Whereas on or about the first day of August last, there were three Burglaries committed, viz., one at the Ditchside, another at the corner of Southampton Street, and the third at the corner of Little St Martin's Lane, by three Housebreakers, two whereof are now in Custody. This is to give notice to any Person or Persons whose houses were so broken open, that if they will appear at the next Sessions held in the Old Bailey, and prove the same, so that one of the Persons now in custody shall be convicted thereof, shall receive over and above the usual Reward, the sum of L5 for their expense and trouble. Which money will be paid by Jonathan Wild, over against the Duke of Grafton's Head in the Old Bailey. Note. One of the two persons now in custody hath made himself an evidence against the other. Note also. That the above-mentioned Jonathan Wild hath had an account of several Writings, Deeds, and Pocket-books given him from some persons lately transported, which if any person hath lost such Things, will come to him, and give such description thereof, so as they may be known to be theirs, shall have them again.' There we have Jonathan in his threefold capacity of thief-taker, suborner of evidence, and receiver of stolen property, and the idea it gives us of the way police matters were managed then, is anything but a pleasant one.

Our next gleaning is not a whit more respectable, although its counterparts, we are sorry to say, are not difficult things to find in the columns of our own papers, but they assume a decent robe if a transparent one. The least scrupulous of our journals would hesitate at finding room for such an appeal as appeared in the *Daily Advertiser* one April morning in 1804; for cool, brazen impudence, it beats anything we ever read. Let the reader judge for himself. 'Marriage is to some a happy state, to others the reverse. The unfortunate writer of this is placed in the latter situation, lately united to one of a disposition of the contrary to herself. She is lively and young, and now so very miserable, that she hopes this will meet with pity and not censure from the other sex. The person to whom it is addressed must be a gentleman possessed of fortune, generosity, agreeable deportment, and be resolved to keep this an inviolable secret. . . . He must present the lady with L100, and settle a yearly income on her, to take place one twelvemonth after the acquaintance has commenced. Address Mrs Smith;' &c. Equally plain, if not quite so explicit, was the would-be M.P. who advertised some sixty years ago that he 'Wanted, on due conditions, a seat in a certain assembly, either for a short time, or for some years.' There was no misunderstanding that: but the trader who sought for 'a sleepy partner in a respectable ready-money business,' ran some risk of his desire being misconstrued.

The *Daily Courant* of the 16th April 1714 contained the following: 'Whereas there is a new Altar-piece or Painting put up in the Chancel of the Church of Whitechapel, within the diocese of London (belonging to the Rector of the said parish), wherein the traitor Judas, contrary to all figures ancient and modern, is drawn as sitting in an elbow-chair, in a priest's gown and band, and other appearances of a dignified clergyman of the Church of England. These are to give notice that if any person or persons will discover who was the Designer and Director of that impious fancy, they

or either of them shall have ten guineas reward immediately paid upon information and evidence so given, in order to prosecute any profane fellow concerned in it, by me, Willoughby Willey.' This was the beginning of a very pretty quarrel. The parish seems to have been divided into two parties: one, High Church, led by the rector, Dr Welton; the other, Low Church, by Dean Kennet, and his staunch supporter, Willoughby Willey. A fierce paper-war ensued; one party actually asserting that the obnoxious Judas was a portrait of the dean, accused the rector of being a friend to popery and the Pretender. The tone taken by the doctor's friends may be judged from this pretty production of one of them:

To say the picture does to him belong,
Kennet does Judas and the painter wrong;
False is the image, and the emblem faint,
Judas, compared to Kennet, is a saint!

The bishop was appealed to, and sent his chancellor to examine the altar-piece: that functionary reported that the picture was calculated to give offence and scandal; the bishop ordered the rector's idol, as it was called, to be removed, and so brought the controversy to an end.

Ladies and gentlemen in search of ready-made homes have divers baits, more or less tempting, thrown out to them by letters of lodgings; but we might pore over the *Times* a long time before we found a worthy pendant to this advertisement from the *Post Boy* (1714): 'Any Agreeable Persons, of either sex, who are willing to live all the year within an hour's walk of London, if they send their names and places of abode to Mr W. Tomlinson, at Frank's Coffeehouse, they shall be received within a very delightful dwelling, without ever paying any rent for their apartments, or being obliged to any further expense, than only to bear an equal share with others for the dinners that will be daily provided for them in the house. This generous invitation is given to bring together a company of persons who love retirement and harmony.' Another would-be benefactor of his race went to the expense of inserting a warning to punch-drinkers, which speaks for itself: 'Whereas lately a dangerous experiment (fatal to two or three gentlemen) has been made with making punch with vitriol instead of lemons, this is to advise all gentlemen that drink punch to see their lemons squeezed, for what is sold for lemon-juice is often entirely a composition of vitriol, &c., very pernicious to mankind.'

One more, and we have done. In the *Weekly Journal* (1717), we find a professor of the art of beautifying, puffing her wares in a style unequalled by her successors: 'At her house, the Red Ball in Queen Street, Cheapside, liveth a Gentlewoman that hath a most incomparable Wash to beautify the face, which far exceeds all that are extant, as abundance of the greatest quality have found by experience to their great satisfaction. It takes out all manner of wrinkles, freckles, pimples, redness, morpew, sunburn, and yellowness caused by mercurial poisonous washes; it also plumps and softens the skin, making it as smooth and tender as a sucking-child's; the young it keeps always so, and the old it makes appear fair and young to admiration; it has nothing of paint in it, neither doth any person know the secret. You may have from half-a-crown to five pounds a bottle. You may have Pomatum, White Pots, the like not to

be compared with. Also a Powder for the Teeth, which makes them as white as snow. She hath a most excellent secret to prevent Hair from falling, causing it to grow where it is wanting. She alters red or gray hair to a delightful light or dark brown in a few days, which will never change. She shapes the eyebrows, and makes them beautiful. She hath a delicate Paste to whiten the hands, and a red Pomatum to colour the lips. She has a certain and infallible cure for the Toothache, without drawing, that the pain will not return. She cuts hair very fine. She hath also an excellent Colick-water, also a fine Snuff for the head, with an Eyewater, which she defies all Europe to parallel.' After that, Madam Rachel sings small indeed.

FELIX HOLT.

It is not our custom, as our readers are well aware, to 'review' or 'notice' novels; not, of course, from any disrespect for Fiction, but because the criticism of that kind of literature does not lie within our scope. But *Felix Holt*, we contend, is not a novel, in the ordinary sense of the word; or, if it be, it shall be the exception which proves our rule.

It is a pity that the author of that remarkable series of works, beginning with *Scenes of Clerical Life*, and ending, for the present, with the book before us, should have chosen a masculine *nom de plume*. To have selected a feminine one, might have had even greater disadvantages. But why not have remained nameless—a Great Unknown—second only in point of time to him who first wore that ambiguous title? The author could then have been treated as either male or female, according to the views of the critic: whereas, as the case stands, there is a ludicrous embarrassment arising from the world-known fact of the author's belonging to the feminine gender, and the courtesy (if such a thing ever affected a reviewer) which leads one to respect her original wish to conceal it. As, however, we do not believe that, from internal evidence alone, it could ever have been satisfactorily proved that for George Eliot should be written *Georgina*—notwithstanding her marvellous knowledge of woman's nature, and her comparative failure whenever she has to describe personal combat—we shall, for our part, still treat the author of *Felix Holt* as though he were a gentleman. And, indeed, how can he be a woman? Did you ever know a woman who was a philosopher? Did you ever know a woman who was a humorist? Did you ever know a woman who was a sound political economist? Did you ever know a woman who was all three? Certainly not; and yet the author of *Felix Holt* has shewn himself to be all three, and (if we do not use a Fenianism) a good many more too.

For knowledge of human nature, combined with philosophic humour, the first volume of this novel is not only superior, in our opinion, both to Thackeray and Fielding, but scarcely inferior to Shakespeare himself; while, besides the qualities above mentioned, it has a rich though slender vein of poetry, and a power of poetic description to which no English prose-writer has yet attained. It is easy, however, in speaking of the author of *Felix Holt*, to elevate one's subject by the simple process

of knocking down all other novelists (especially living ones), and so leaving him to stand alone; but not only is criticism by comparison always a very contemptible thing, whereby little is made manifest beyond the personal spite or prejudice of the critic, but in this instance it is particularly misapplied, since, with respect to all living writers, he is incomparable. We do not say this from the slavish sycophancy that seems to have seized upon some of our 'hebdomadal conferrers of immortality' with reference to this comparatively new idol, and which causes them altogether to forsake their ancient shrines; for we yet believe that for pathos, as well as for what people grudgingly denominate 'fun' (as though it were not one of the most rare and precious commodities to be procured in this vale of tears), the author of *Martin Chuzzlewit* has found no rival; while, as for Plot, we could name half-a-dozen novelists who possess the power of interesting us in the fate of their characters in greater perfection than the subject of the present notice. George Eliot is incomparable only in the most literal and obvious sense of the word; he can be compared with no one; the line which he has taken is his own, and one which (fortunately for *them*) is only occasionally trespassed upon by other novelists. The subscriber to Mr Mudie's, unless his intelligence is very much below the average (and this is far from contemptible) of that of most novel-readers, does not, after rushing through the first volume of *Felix Holt*, as though it were a literary 'bullfinch,' seize ravenously upon the third, 'to see what becomes of everybody;' if he does, he will in this case be woefully disappointed; but he will probably do nothing of the kind. The first chapter, the first page, nay, the Introduction itself, will bid him pause, and linger over the lavish wisdom, and wit, and beauty, that he finds set before him with so liberal yet judicious a hand. There are many pages which he will read again and again; and that they are not written with lucidity—for they are crystal-clear—but because the pregnant words demand an attention which the novel-loving mind is seldom indeed called upon to pay.

Now he comes upon an aphorism not unworthy of Bacon's sagacity and learning, but which Bacon could never have expressed one-half as charmingly; and now upon a reflection, deep and sad, as any uttered by the lips of the Preacher, the son of the king of Jerusalem; and now, upon a prose-poem of the woods and fields, true as a photograph, graceful as Tennyson; and now upon the vulgar gibes of the servants' hall, or the sordid, mirthless recreation of the colliers' alehouse. Whatever this wondrous writer touches, he does not necessarily adorn, unless when he wishes to do so. The last-mentioned subjects, for instance—the servants' room of a great but neglected household, and the bar-parlour of a navvies' beer-shop—are pictures indeed, the first of which might have been by Hogarth, and the second by Teniers—but set in no gilded frame; only looked at through a stereoscope, so that every figure stands out from the canvas, as like and real as life. No intuition short of Shakspeare's can have mirrored such scenes as these so faithfully; and yet, on the other hand, it is almost impossible they can have come within the personal experience of the writer. Viewed in this way, they are certainly the most remarkable things in this remarkable

book; we are also inclined to believe that they are the best; for they surpass even the alehouse scenes in *Silas Marner*.

Felix Holt, a young man, the very personification of conscientiousness, will not permit his widowed mother to sell a certain quack-medicine, invented by her late husband, and the repute of which brings her in a tolerable income; but prefers to support her, poorly enough, by watch-making and school-keeping. In her distress, she goes to her spiritual adviser, Mr Lyon, and pours forth her troubles; only too volubly.

'My husband's tongue 'ud have been a fortune to anybody, and there was many a one said it was as good as a dose of physic to hear him talk; not but what that got him into trouble in Lancashire, but he always said, if the worst came to the worst, he would go and preach to the blacks. But he did better than that, Mr Lyon, for he married me; and this I will say, that for age, conduct, and managing'—

Here the Rev. Mr Lyon inserts a word or two edgewise; but on she goes again.

"Well, Mr Lyon, I've a right to speak to my own character; and I'm one of your congregation, though I'm not a church member, for I was born in the general Baptist connection: and as for being saved without works, there's a many, I daresay, can't do without that doctrine; but I thank the Lord I never needed to put myself on a level with the thief on the cross. I've done my duty, and more, if anybody comes to that; for I've gone without my bit of meat to make broth for a sick neighbour: and if there's any of the church members say they've done the same, I'd ask them if they had the sinking at the stomach as I have; for I've ever strove to do the right thing, and more, for good-natured I always was; and I little thought, after being respected by everybody, I should come to be reproached by my own son. And my husband said, when he was a-dying—'Mary,' he said, 'the Elixir, and the Pills, and the Cure will support you, for they've a great name in all the country round; and you'll pray for a blessing on them.' And so I have done, Mr Lyon; and to say they're not good medicines, when they've been taken for fifty miles round by high and low, and rich and poor, and nobody speaking against 'em but Dr Lukin, it seems to me it's a flying in the face of Heaven; for if it was wrong to take the medicines, couldn't the blessed Lord have stopped it?"

Here the reverend gentleman exhibits his penetration by hitting on the truth, that Felix won't let her sell these valuable drugs.

"Mr Lyon, he's masterful beyond everything, and he talks more than his father did. I've got my reason, Mr Lyon, and if anybody talks sense, I can follow him; but Felix talks so wild, and contradicts his mother. And what do you think he says, after giving up his 'prenticeship, and going off to study at Glasgow, and getting through all the bit of money his father saved for his bringing-up—what has all his learning come to? He says I'd better never open my Bible, for it's as bad poison to me as the pills are to half the people as swallow 'em. You'll not speak of this again, Mr Lyon—I don't think ill enough of you to believe *that*. For I suppose a Christian can understand the word o' God without going to Glasgow, and there's texts upon texts about ointment and medicine, and there's one as might have been made for a receipt of my

husband's—it's just as if it was a riddle, and Holt's Elixir was the answer."

This spiritual Mrs Nickleby is one of the most natural characters in the book; and Mr Lyon himself is also a very admirable, although, like many most excellent persons in real life, a little tedious. He probably produces exactly the effect upon the reader that he would have done had he met him in the flesh. George Eliot has indeed done for dissent what Mr Dickens did, a quarter of a century ago, for the middle classes—he has introduced it, through his fictions, into polite society. Before *Adam Bede* was written, the ideas of the novel-reading public concerning that religious world which lay outside the Church of England, were as vague as Miss Selina Debarry's in this present work:

"How did Dissenters, and Methodists, and Quakers, and people of that sort, first come up, uncle and all these wrong things; why didn't government put them down?"

"Ah, to be sure," fell in Sir Maximus, in a cordial tone of corroboration.

A few years ago, the final agreement of poor Mrs Holt's, for instance, with respect to her patent medicines, would certainly have been considered in the light of a caricature, if not of a blasphemy:

"What folks can never have boxes enough of to swallow, I should think you had a right to sell. And there's many and many a text for it, as I've opened on without even thinking; for, if it's true, 'Ask, and you shall have,' I should think it's truer when you're willing to pay for what you have."

We all perceive the naturalness of this now; and some of us, perhaps, even congratulate ourselves that it is only among Dissenters that a misapplication of Holy Writ is ever made to suit our own personal convenience.

There are two reasons for us not setting forth the scheme of this story. In the first place, to state 'the plot' of any work of fiction is merely to peep behind the scenes, and rob the coming performance of half its witchery; and, in the second place, the plot of this particular story is of very little consequence. The main intention of the author appears to be, to describe the influence of Felix Holt's character upon a certain young woman, who, though naturally fond of the vanities of the world, rejects them for his sake; gives up her indisputable claim to five thousand a year, in order to live with him in poverty, a state which he is fully convinced is the best adapted to his idiosyncrasy: but how this comes about is a long and involved story, depending much upon an out-of-the-way piece of law called 'base-fee,' but about which our author characteristically discourses as familiarly and with as complete a knowledge of the subject, as though he were professionally retained for Miss Esther Lyon. After what we have written, out of the fulness of our admiration, about this wondrous book, we shall not be accused of malice when we say that the story, as a story, is very uninteresting; the curiosity evoked in the first volume fades and fades, until, in the third volume, where it surely should culminate, the reader cares not what becomes of anybody! Certainly, a feeling of disappointment was the prevailing one as we closed the last chapter of *Felix Holt*, and would perhaps have abided with us, had we not once more taken up the first volume, and redeavored it from end to end. We don't believe there is such a first volume in the world. If any wretch should think of publishing the 'Beauties of George Eliot,'

he would have to reprint vol. i. of *Felix Holt* entire. There are, of course, 'pickings' in volumes two and three which would amply suffice to fill his wallet, in the case of any ordinary writer; surely it is a wise saying, that 'There is no point on which young women are more easily piqued than this, of their sufficiency to judge the men who make love to them;' and again, 'Comprehensive talkers are apt to be tiresome when we are not athirst for information; but, to be quite fair, we must admit that superior reticence is a good deal due to the lack of matter. Speech is often barren; but silence also does not necessarily brood over a full nest. Your still fowl, blinking at you without remark, may all the while be sitting on one addled nest-egg; and when it takes to cackling, will have nothing to announce but that addled delusion.' But such plums as these, scattered with comparative meagreness in the later portion of the work, are plentiful as in a Christmas-pudding in the first three hundred pages.

The narrative, according to our author's custom, is not one of to-day. It is not indeed like *Romola*—that tale 'written with his heart's blood,' but the popularity of which both date and locality united to destroy—a story of centuries ago, nor are its scenes laid in an alien clime; but it is just so far removed from the present (its commencement is in 1832) as to admit of calm political reflection, and the description of 'things as they were.' The opening picture of the old coach-road and the scenes through which it passes, is unequalled for graphic beauty. If any common-place epithet could aptly be applied to George Eliot's writings, it is the term 'old-fashioned'; he loves to deal with that past which was the present (as we guess) of his youth, but the memory of which is, at all events, very clear and vivid. He reminds us of Walter Scott in this, as also in his old-fashioned 'headings' to his chapters, which he not seldom composes for himself, albeit he does not waggishly write the words *Old Play* beneath them, as he of Abbotsford was wont to do; but his reflections are of a very different sort from those of the author of *Waverley*. 'Suppose only that the traveller's journey took through that central plain, watered at one extremity by the Avon, at the other by the Trent. As the morning silvered the meadows with their long lines of bushy willows marking the water-courses, or burnished the golden corn-ribs clustered near the long roofs of some midland homestead, he saw the full-uddered cows driven from their pasture to the early milking. Perhaps it was the shepherd, head-servant of the farm, who drove them, his sheep-dog following with a heedless unofficial air, as of a beadle in undress. The shepherd with a slow and slouching walk, timed by the walk of grazing beasts, moved aside, as if unwilling, throwing out a monosyllabic hint to his cattle; his glance, accustomed to rest on things very near the earth, seemed to lift itself with difficulty to the coachman. Mail or stage coach for him belonged to that mysterious distant system of things called "Government," which, whatever it might be, was no business of his, any more than the most outlying nebula or the coal-sacks of the southern hemisphere: his solar system was the parish; the master's temper and the casualties of lambing-time were his region of storms. He cut his bread and bacon with his pocket-knife, and felt no bitterness except in the matter of pauper labourers and the bad-luck that sent contrarious seasons and the sheep-rot. He and his cows were

soon left behind, and the homestead too, with its pond overhung by elder-trees, its untidy kitchen-garden and cone-shaped yew-tree arbour. But everywhere the bushy hedgerows wasted the land with their straggling beauty, shrouded the grassy borders of the pastures with catkin'd hazels, and tossed their long blackberry branches on the corn-fields. Perhaps they were white with May, or starred with pale pink dog-roses; perhaps the urchins were already nutting amongst them, or gathering the plenteous crabs. It was worth the journey only to see those hedgerows, the liberal homes of unmarketable beauty—of the purple-blossomed ruby-berried nightshade; of the wild convolvulus, climbing and spreading in tendrilled strength, till it made a great curtain of pale-green hearts and white trumpets; of the many-tubed honeysuckle, which, in its most delicate fragrance, hid a charm more subtle and penetrating than beauty. Even if it were winter, the hedgerows shewed their coral, the scarlet haws, the deep-crimson hips, with lingering brown leaves to make a resting-place for the jewels of the hoar-frost. Such hedgerows were often as tall as the labourers' cottages dotted along the lanes, or clustered into a small hamlet, their little dingy windows telling, like thick-filmed eyes, of nothing but the darkness within. The passenger on the coach-box, bowled along above such a hamlet, saw chiefly the roofs of it: probably it turned its back on the road, and seemed to *lie away from everything but its own patch of earth and sky*, away from the parish church by long fields and green lanes, away from all intercourse except that of tramps. If its face could be seen, it was most likely dirty; but the dirt was Protestant dirt, and the big, bold, gin-breathing tramps were Protestant tramps. There was no sign of superstition near, no crucifix or image to indicate a misguided reverence: the inhabitants were probably so free from superstition, that they were in much less awe of the parson than of the overseer. Yet they were saved from the excesses of Protestantism by not knowing how to read, and by the absence of handlooms and mines to be the pioneers of Dissent: they were kept safely in the *via media* of indifference, and could have registered themselves in the census by a big black mark as members of the Church of England.*

The Coachman himself, as travelling-companion and commentator of the landscape, is an admirable sketch. He tells how the good folks about sturdily resist the rotation of crops, and stand by their fallows: how an innovating farmer, who talked of Sir Humphry Davy, had been fairly driven out by popular dislike, as if he had been a confounded Radical; and how, the parson having one Sunday preached from the words, "Plough up the fallow-ground of your hearts," the people thought he had made the text out of his own head, otherwise it would never have come "so pat" on a matter of business; but when they found it in the Bible at home, some said it was an argument for fallows (else why should the Bible mention fallows?); but a few of the weaker sort were shaken, and thought it was an argument that fallows should be done away with, else the Bible would have said, "Let your hearts lie fallow;" and the next morning the parson had a stroke of apoplexy, which, as coincident with a dispute about fallows, so set the parish against the innovating farmer and the rotation of crops, that he could stand his ground no longer, and transferred his lease.

If we were to quote all the specimens of humour in this one volume, we should require one of our monthly parts to contain them; but we cannot resist rifling such a hive of a comb or two.

The Tory parson, bound by ties of self-interest as well as relationship to support his Radical nephew, who is standing for the county, thus excuses himself: 'It's a little awkward, but a clergyman must keep peace with his family. Confound it! I'm not bound to love Toryism better than my own flesh and blood, and the manor I shoot over. That's a heathenish, Brutus-like sort of thing, as if Providence couldn't take care of the country without my quarrelling with my own flesh and blood.'

If, indeed, the Dissenters misquote texts in *Felix Holt*, it must be allowed that Providence is also often made the stalking-horse of the Church people. 'We may surely wink at a few things,' says Sir Maximus Debarry, 'for the sake of the public interest, if God Almighty does; and if He didn't, I don't know what would become of the country—government could never have been carried on, and many a good battle would have been lost. That's the philosophy of the matter and the common sense too.'

About the Parson and Sir Maximus, both very worthy gentlemen after their kind, our author's cynical wit flickers very pleasantly; but his humour is never more conspicuous than when he treats of vulgar brutal natures, as far apart from his own, one would imagine, as the earth from the sun. Mr Chubb, the self-seeking landlord of the colliers' pothouse, for instance, divides the world into Publicans and Pharisees, 'as a generic classification of mankind sanctioned by Scripture'; and his notion of a Radical is, that he was a new and agreeable kind of lickspittle, who fawned on the poor instead of on the rich, and therefore was likely to send customers to a 'Public.' When the stupid, half-drunken navvies are being addressed in this gentleman's beer-shop by the election agent, and he uses very plain arguments, 'there was an approving "Haw, haw." To hear anything said, and understand it, was a stimulus that had the effect of wit.' How true that is of other than collier-society, and how well it accounts for the popularity of some authors we could name! When the said agent hints at the advisability of a riot at the hustings, 'a little rolling in the dust and knocking hats off,' a 'splitting of coats in a quiet way,' he is careful to add, 'but no kicks, no knocking down, no pummelling.'

'It'd be good fun, though, if so be,' said Old Sleek, *allowing himself an imaginative pleasure.** Mr Chubb's brutal selfishness is admirably contrasted with the enthusiasm of Felix, whom he disgusts beyond measure, while imagining that he is making a favourable impression upon him. 'We mortals,' remarks our author, 'sometimes cut a pitiable figure in our attempts at display. We may be sure of our own merits, yet fatally ignorant of the point of view from which we are regarded by our neighbour. Our fine patterns in tattooing may be far from throwing him into a swoon of admiration, though we turn ourselves all round to shew him! Thus it was with Mr Chubb.'

The philosophy of George Eliot, although doubt-

* The italics, of course, are our own; George Eliot very properly eschews the use of such vulgar finger-posts; through the lack of which, however, there will be much loss to some people.

less deep and wise, is not flattering to Human Nature. Not only does he never sacrifice an iota of what he holds to be truth, in order to make himself pleasant, but he seems to take a cynical delight in holding the too faithful mirror close to our faces. He has not a particle of sentiment. Here is a bitter truth, not even mitigated by the epigrammatic form in which he sometimes wraps it, concerning maternal love itself:

'The mother's love is at first an absorbing delight, blunting all other sensibilities; it is an expansion of the animal existence; it enlarges the imagined range for self to move it; but in after-years it can only continue to be joy on the same terms as other long-lived love—that is, by much suppression of self, and power of living in the experience of another. . . . It is a fact perhaps kept a little too much in the background, that mothers have a self larger than their maternity, and that when their sons have become taller than themselves, and are gone from them to college or into the world, there are wide spaces of their time which are not filled with praying for their boys, reading old letters, and envying yet blessing those who are attending to their shirt-buttons.'

There are mothers and mothers, of course; but with all deference to such a student of womankind as George Eliot, we believe him wrong here, and the general opinion upon this matter to be in the main correct. Very right he is, however, when, still speaking on the same subject—the relation of self-willed Mrs Transome to her self-willed son—he adds: 'Half the sorrows of women would be averted if they could repress the speech they know to be useless; nay, the speech they have resolved not to utter.'

It is difficult for a reviewer to stay his hand when a book like *Felix Holt* is given up to him for pillage; but one more extract must close this notice—an appropriate one, as we think, because it is peculiarly characteristic of the writer. He is well convinced of what the Divines seem so slow to comprehend, that Life is not so full of charms, or Death so utterly abhorrent to men's minds. What most of us who have had a tolerably long experience of the world expect to get out of it in the way of enjoyment, is not much; and those who are most sensible are the least discontented with their lot. Hear Denner, Mrs Transome's maid, upon this point, when her mistress is bewailing her own misfortunes, and even half-angry with her attendant for not being equally cast down.

'"What are your pleasures, Denner, besides being a slave to me?"

"Oh, there's pleasure in knowing one's not a fool, like half the people one sees about. And managing one's husband is some pleasure, and doing all one's business well. Why, if I've only got some orange-flowers to candy, I shouldn't like to die till I see them all right. Then there's the sunshine now and then; I like that, as the cats do. I look upon it, life is like our game at whist, when Banks and his wife come to the still-room of an evening. I don't enjoy the game much, but I like to play my cards well, and see what will be the end of it."

Although, however, the author of *Felix Holt* does not entertain any very cheerful views of life, it is certain he makes life much more cheerful, and better worth the having, to all who have the good-fortune to be his readers.

THE PHILOSOPHER OF THE GARDEN.

I sit beneath a 'tuttering beech;
The leaves like Rumour's tongues are stirring;
Though inarticulate their speech,
Their prophecies are all unerring.

Could I but shape them into words—
Yet why forestall a coming sorrow?
My motto's *Carpe diem*. Birds,
Sing to me of a happy morrow.

Speak to me through your perfumes, flowers,
Of Lucy; let the limes
Fling down their blossoms in sweet showers
Upon me, as in olden times.

Love, send me omens of success—
Some golden cloud like melting amber,
Or sunbeam ray of happiness,
O'er Fortune's crags to guide my clamber.

To-day, I win a priceless gem;
Or bankrupt, beggared, and rejected,
The dusk will see my diadem
Of hope cast off, forlorn, dejected.

I shall sit here beneath the stars,
Watching the bats flit o'er the laurels;
Railing at Venus, chiding Mars,
Hating the very thrush that carols.

Yet till my fate has come, I love
The orchard flowers still upward floating,
While greedy bees the thyme above
On their uncounted gains are floating.

Bring round my horse: I linger still;
Fear bids me hesitate and ponder;
The clouds go pulsing o'er the hill;
Will Lucy be at home, I wonder!

The present still is mine; indeed
All is still sunshine; quicker, a-sallow,
Sweep in long curves across the mead,
Yet I'll spin faster down the hollow.

Upon that standard rose in bloom
A bud has opened since I lingered;
Its blush like Lucy's—how the room
Grew merrier last night, when she fingered

That wild Mazurka, goblin tune—
Mad witches dancing round a gibbet
In storm and thunder, till the moon
Laughed out, Where did the fellow crib it?

And then the mill-stream's rippling flow,
Dolce, cantabile—it rambles
By moonlit willows row on row—
O'er floating lilies now it gambols.

No colour on a passing cloud,
No sunbeam moving 'cross a shadow,
But brings a memory of her—proud,
Sing like her, bird in lustrous meadow.

Breeze, pulse from rolling field to field;
Glad sunshine, brighten all the clover;
I feel a knight with spear and shield;
With hopes and fears my heart runs over.

Light as a swallow in the air,
Gay as a butterfly on roses—
The man is bringing round the macc;
This child this very hour proposes.